THE

Salamanca Wedding:

OR,

A True Accouut of a Swearing Doctor's Marriage with a *Mnggletonian* Widow in *Breadstreet*.

London, *August* 18*th*. 1693.

In a Letter to a Gentleman in the Country.

SIR,

THE only News of importance I have to communicate to you at present, is, That the famous and never-to-be-forgotten Dr. *O--ts* was married the beginning of this week. You know, for a person of his Constitution, that always expressed, and perhaps inherited an aversion to the Fair Sex; and besides, had found out a Back door to bestow his Riches and Strength elsewhere, to confine himself at last to the insipid Duties of Matrimony, is as unnatural and unexpected a Change as for an Old Miser to turn Prodigal; and this

96 [**BROWN** (Thomas, 1663-1704)] THE SALAMANCA WEDDING: or, a True Account of a Swearing Doctor's Marriage with a Muggletonian Widow in Breadstreet. 4to, 4 pp., RARE, wrapper. **£2 0 0**

London, August, 1693

⁂ D.N.B. iii. 30, where it is stated that the author of this free and malicious pasquinade is said to have been apprehended and punished The tract (which was issued without a title) refers to the marriage of Titus Oates to a Muggletonian named Margaret Wells, who possessed a jointure of £2,000. Thomas Brown is immortalised by his lines to Dr. Fell, and his squibs (especially one on such a subject as the present) are greatly valued.

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perhaps was the ſurpriſing Revolution which moſt of our Almanacks both at home and abroad threatned us with in the month of *Auguſt*. I remember I happened to be at *Garraway*'s, when a Gentleman came in, and told us the News. Immediately all other diſcourſe ceaſed, *Eaſt-India* Actions, the price of Pepper, and riſing of Currants; not a word of our Army in *Flanders*, or the Seige of *Belgrade*, the *Turky* Fleet, and the Battle at *Landen* were not mentioned in two hours after. Nay, the Duke of *Savoy*, who is now working miracles for us in *Piedmont*, was wholly laid aſide. Every body ſtood amazed, and it was a conſiderable time before they could recover themſelves out of this aſtoniſhment. At laſt, an Old Gentleman at the upper end of the Table, broke the ſilence, and made himſelf and the Company very merry at the Doctor's Expence. Says he, I remember I have ſomewhere read, that when *Erajmus* heard that *Martin Luther*, of bleſſed Memory, was married, he ſhould ſay in a jeſting manner, *That if, according to the Old Tradition, Antichriſt was to be got between a Monk and a Nun, the World was now in a fair way to have a Litter of the ſort.* Not that I would by any means (continues he) apply this ſtory to the Doctor, for God forbid that we ſhould ever live to ſee a Brood of Sucking Antichriſts come out of the Doctor's Loyns. My meaning is only this, That ſince the *Saviour* of the Nation has joyned his *Saving* Faculty with a *Damning* Talent (for you are to underſtand his Lady is a *Muggletonian*, and thoſe people pretend to have the power of Damnation) we may now expect to ſee a Motley Race of half Saviours and half Dammers. Hold you there, *cry another Gentleman*, you ought to have ſaid half Dammers and half Saviours; for ſince the Mother's is the ſureſt ſide, if the Doctor lives to have Children, they'll Damn in all likelihood before they'll Save.

The Doctor (as I have been acquainted by ſeveral of his intimate *Friends*) had Two Reaſons to incline him to marry in his Old Age. The firſt was his great Grief and Concern to ſee the Noble Army of Evidences defeated, *Bedlow*, *Dugdale* and *Dangerfield*, ſleeping with their Fathers; *viz.* the Witneſſes that ſwore againſt *Suſanna*, and thoſe that ſtoned St. *Stephen*. *Fuller*, who with good management, would have made a clever fellow, buried alive in a Priſon, *Etcætera Young*, his Virtuous Companion, routed, paſt all hopes of rallying. Others, at the ſight of a Pillory, or Whipping-poſt, utterly diſcountenance'd, and aſham'd of their Profeſſion. So the Doctor finding the whole hopes of the Family of Evidences centring in himſelf, and that if due care were not taken the *Species* would be intirely loſt, reſolved, as far as in him lay, to prevent its utter extinction, and to raiſe up Seed to the Popiſh Plot himſelf.

In the Second place, the Doctor was touched in Conſcience for ſome Juvenile Gambols that ſhall be Nameleſs. It ſeems, though he had quitted the other Corruptions of Popery, yet he ſtill fancied *Cardinaliſm*. Now all the World knows Conſcience is a ſad terrible thing. What ſays the Doctor's Friend St. *Auſtin*? Why, *Conſcientia mille Teſtes*, Conſcience is a thouſand Witneſſes. Is it therefore to be admired if the Doctor, who, make the be...

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of him, is but one ſingle Witneſs, and ſcarce that, found himſelf forced to yeild to a thouſand? So then, as I ſaid before, his Conſcience perpetually alarming and diſturbing him, the Doctor at laſt, merely for his own eaſe and quier, made a Vow to ſow his Wild *Oats*, and not to hide the Talent which God had plentifully given him, in an *Italian* Napkin.

No ſooner was this pious Reſolution communicated to his Friends, who were mightily pleaſed at the News, but they looked out ſharp to find him a proper Yoke-fellow. It was repreſented to him that a Maid was by no means for his turn, the D. was Fat and Purſy, a Maidenhead was not to be got with out much drudging for't; and beſides 'twas now juſt the Dog days, and who knew but the D. *Reins* might receive great damage in caſe of a violent Encounter. At laſt an Independent Miniſter adviſed him to Mrs. *Margaret W*— of *Bread-ſtreet* (whoſe former Husband was a Muggletonian, and ſhe continued of theſame Perſwaſion) urging this Argument in her behalf, that in her the D. might have open and free *ingreſs*, *egreſs* and *regreſs* as oft as he pleaſed, that as he might enjoy her without the ſweat of, ſo he might eternally Live with her without the leaſt peril of his Brows, ſhe being no Charmer, and conſequently would not equip him with a pair of Horns, which he knew the D. abominated, as being Marks of the Beaſt, and all together Popiſh. The D. liked the Propoſal, and at the firſt interview, was ſo extremely ſmitten with the Gravity and Goodneſs of her Perſon, that he could neither Eat (which was much) nor Drink (which was more) till the buſineſs was concluded.

A Comical paſſage happen'd at the *Commons*, which I think very well worth the ſending to you. The D. going thither for a Licenſe, two ſcurvey Queſtions were asked him. The firſt was, whether he would have a Licenſe to marry a Boy or a Girl; the ſecond whether he would have a Licenſe for Behind or Before. At this the D. loſt all Patience, held up his Cane, and thundered out *You 'Raskal* as thick as Hops, till upon the Proctor's crying *Peccavi*, the Sky cleared up again.

The Articles of Marriage were as follows.

Imprimis, The D. promiſes *in verbo Sacerdotis*, to keep ne're a Male Servant in his Houſe under Sixty, and to hang up the Picture of the Deſtruction of *Sodom* in his Bed-Chamber *ad reficandam memoriam*, and to teach his Children to ſwear as ſoon as they can ſpeak,

Item, The D. promiſes that he will never offer to attack either in Bed, or Couch, Joint-ſtool, or Table, the Body of the aforeſaid Mrs. *Margaret W*—— *à parte poſt*, but to comfort, refreſh, and relieve her *à parte ante*, giving the aforeſaid Mrs. *Margaret W*—— in caſe he offends after that manner, full leave to make her ſelf amends before, as ſhe pleaſes; as alſo upon a ſecond Treſpaſs, to burn his *Peacemaker*. However with this *Proviſo*, that whenever the aforeſaid Mrs. *Margaret W*—— happens to be under the Dominion of the Moon, that is to ſay, whenever it is *Term*-time with the aforeſaid Mrs. *Margaret W*—— then the abovementioned D. ſhall have full power, liberty and Authority to enter the *Weſtminſter-hall* of her Body at which door he pleaſes. This laſt

last Clause was not obtained till after a Stiff Dispute on the D's part, who threatned to break off if it were denied him. The other Articles as less considerable, I pass over, to come to the main business in hand, the Marriage.

On the 17th of this present *August* the Dr. was new Washed and Trimmed, with a large Sacerdotal Rose in his Hat, and all his other Clergy Equipage, came to the House of an Anabaptist Teacher in the City; where in the face of a numerous Assembly, consisting of all sorts, divisions, and sub-divisions of Protestants, he was Married to Mrs. *Margaret W*—— The D. was observed to be very merry all Dinner time, and the largest part of his Face, meaning his Chin, moved notably. There stood right over against him a mighty Surloin of Beef, to which he shewed as little compassion, as he did to the Jesuits in the Reign of the Plot. After Dinner six fifth Monarch,-Men, larded with as many Ranters Danced a Spiritual Jig, and a dozen sweet-Singers of *Israel* employed their Melodious Quail-pipes all the while. But Madam *Salamanca* (for so we must now call her) seemed not to be much affected with this Diversion, but looked very Disconsolate and Melancholly. One of the Sisterhood asked her why on a day of Rejoycing she expressed so much Sorrow in her looks? To which Madam O. after two or three deep sighs, answered, That she very much doubted (like the *Staffordshire* Miller that Mounted *King Charles* after *Worcester* Fight upon one of his sorry Horses) whether she should be able to bear the weight of the Saviour of three Nations.

Thus the time was agreeably spent till Ten, at which time a Bell rung to Prayers, and afterwards (his Spouse, after the landable custom of *England* having gone before) the D. resolutely marched towards the place of Execution. There was no Sack Posset, nor throwing of Stockings, both those Ceremonies being judged to be Superstitious, and things of mere human Invention. The Bed continued in a trembling fit most part of the Night, which I suppose occasioned the report of an Earthquake, which the next Neighbours said they felt that unbloody Night. 'Tis not doubted but the D. behaved himself with great Gallantry, since Madam O. told her Midwife that is to be, that the D. Fought out all his Fingers, and she already begins to *Puke*, and be out of Order, like Women in a Breeding condition. An Astrologer in *Morefield*, having been consulted upon this occasion, has Prophesied it will prove a Boy, which makes the D. rake up all the Hebrew Genealogies in the old Testament, to find out a pat name for him.

FINIS.

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